LINSI-WOOLSIE.

OR

TWO CENTVRIES OF *EPIGRAMMES.*

L:ll:M:3. 18.

written by WILLIAM GAMAGE *Batchelour in the Artes.*

Paterc, aut Abſtine.

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58

TO THE RIGHT NOBLE, AND my much honoured Ladie, KATHERINE, Ladie MANSELL, daughter to the Right Honourable Lord, L: *Viſcount de Liſle:*

Earths Glorie, and Heavens Happines.

RARE PARAGON *of vertue, affying, or rather preſuming on your heroycall diſpoſition, I haue adventured to conduct to the opē field of the World Two Centuries of Epigrammes, which, if they bee deign'd to march vnder the Bāner of your Ho: protection, I doubt not, but that they may the ſafer, as they ſay,* Paſſe the Muſter. *And the rather I builde on your all favourable patronage by reaſon of your Ladyſhips neere affinity with that worthy, and Treſnoble* Sir Phillip Sidney, *whoſe golden Pen vouchſafed to Apologize the renowned art of Poetry. If this my Rurall, and vnacquainted muſe Limm's not forth either in Matter, or Manner the vive Portraiture of an E-*

 pigramme,

pigramme, your Ladyſhip may eaſilie coniecture, that it was rather Cherillus *Pen, and not* Apelles *Pencill that ſhadowed it; but hoping the acceptation, with your Ho: protection hereof, if not for the worke, yet for the names ſake, I ever reſt*

Your worthy Ladyſhips moſt
devoted Votorie.

WILLIAM GAMAGE.

Ad Ingenioſum, & modeſtum amicum, G. Gamage de Epig.

ALpha Epigrammatεων per me ſit noſter Oënus,
Hic primum, aut nemo eſt, dignus habere locum:
Tu quotus es Gammagi? ex nominis indice, Gamma.
Sed te Muſa facit Beta Epigrammatεων.

Ad eundem de eiſdem.

GRata diù fuerant quæ linea-lanea, noſtris,
Grata tamen noſtris tegmina, ſi qua diù.
Talia tu texis (Gamage) Poemata, plus quàm
Lanea ſunt vſu, Linea deliciis.
Grata vt ſint, dubitas, bruma atq; æſtate placebunt,
His delectari fœmina, virq; queant.
Hoc tantùm diſtant, æſtatem tegmina durant,
Ætates durant hæc tua texta, vale.

Mo. Fortune in Art. Mag. è Col. Ie.

Hexaſticon. In fideliſſ. amici G. Gamage Epigrammata.

LÆta iuvant relevando graves Epigrammata mentes:
Sunt tua læta ſatis, ſunt tua caſta ſatis.
Invida nè metuas mordacis murmura Momi:
Collaudet Momus, vel meliora ferat.

Ingenij documenta boni, monumenta futuræ
Posteritatis erunt, scribere perge, vale.

Ro. Harris in Art. Mag.

Ad Cordatum amicum G. Gamage de Epig.

FÆcunda est ætas, multos tulit ista Poetas,
At tibi (Gamagi) *non tulit ista parem.*

Aliud ad Lectorem.

PErlege, quicunq; es, decies repetita placebunt,
Aut tibi, quicunque es, nulla placere queunt.

Henr. Atho, in Art. Mag.

Ad amicum amantiss. G. G. in Epig.

LAudibus excelsis tua sunt Epigrammata salsa,
Digna, Legat Puer hæc, hæc legat ipse senex.
Quamvis es iuvenis, tamen experientia rerum
Ingeniumque bonum, te facit esse senem.
Sacrè Sacra canis, resonasque profana profanè,
Vox quoquè cuique rei quælibet apta sonat.
Apparet doctæ mira dulcedine linguæ
Musarum, sacros te coluisse Choros.

Io. Vauhan, Art. Mag.

Idem

Idem ad Librum in Zoilum.

SI te quis Zoilus rabido vult rodere dente,
Ætatem domini ponderet ipse tui.

In Epig. cognati, & amici explorati Gu. Gamage.

SIccinè disparibus lusisti moribus orbem,
Innumeris Numeris (trux Epigramma) tuis?
Rusticus, Vrbanus, quid vis? Belloſus, Amator,
Magmatibus nitidis Aulicus? hoc & habet.
χαῖρε ſuum cuique eſt, nec voto ludimus vno,
His diverſa placent: quid cupis? hoc & habes.

In Zoylum.

Tam benè compactos calamos vult dente repelli
Zoylus, edax noſtrum? ſubfugat, hoc nec habet.
Vult Numeris noſtris includi moribus? ecce
Rem teneat; numeret furcifer: hoc & habet.

Gul. Hughes in Art. Bacc.

Idem ad Librum.

Eià agè, per Genios faciles, Momoſq́, per ignes:
Per varias rerum faces, per ſaxa, per vmbras.

Tetraſtichon.
Ad ſuum amicum Gu. Ga.
in ſua Epig.

LAudabunt omnes Epigrammata docta Priorum,
Hoc opus excultum vincit (amice) tuum.
Hæc mandes Scriptis, es Cedro digna locutus;
Te preſens ætas, poſterior que canent.

Hop. Price Gener.

Ad cognatum perchariſſ G. G.
in laudem Libelli.

HIc liber eſt parvus, non parvi: gratia parvis
Eſt ſua: ſic libro gratia magna ſuo.
Pergas; quid denſis latitas, Philomuſe, ſub vmbris,
Aſpiret cœptis aura ſecunda tuis.

Io. Powell è Coll. Oriel.

To his friend, and familiar W. Gamage
of his Epigrams.

OFt haue I fed on Epigrammes before,
With which my appetites I overpreſt;
Thy better wit hath kept me theſe in ſtore,
As a ſweet banquet to diſgeſt the reſt:
Seru'd in with plates of Criſtall, ſcour'd ſo cleere,
That to each gueſt his picture may appeare,

Another

Another to the ſame.

If what Pythagoras hath wrote be true,
Some antique Satyre liues in thee anew,
Nature and Art are with themſelues at ſtrife,
To whome thou haſt giv'n greater praiſe or life;
On both alike, for nature firſt began,
Then art made perfect what from nature ran.

W. Hughes.

To my lo. friend W. Gamage in the praiſe of his Epigrams.

THy overlooking of the pleaſant fields,
In ſport abroad to ſpend ſome idle howres:
Hath gath'red fruit not of vnfruitfull weeds;
But ſet a Banke of ſweet and fragrant flowers.
Continue then both earl'e and late to riſe
To walke abroad, to vſe this exerciſe.

Another of the ſame.

In my conceipt this thy conceipted Booke,
Deſerues the ſtamp of everlaſting praiſe:
Feare no man's face that on his face doth looke,
His forehead ſhines with complementall raies.
Gamage thy name, and of thy age the Game
Thou doſt deſerue, tho not deſire the ſame.

Math. Bennet.

The

The Author to the Praiſers of his booke.

IT feares me, that your kinde heroicall Layes
Are too tranſcendent for my humble ſtraine:
And Loadſtone-like drawe to themſelues the praiſe;
And ſo my Muſe receaue a dull diſdaine.
No force, I hope your lines will ſooth ſome one
To read my Booke, and deſcant thereupon.

THE FIRST CENTVRIE.

Epig. 1.

To his heroike, and ſplendent Patroneſſe, Katherine, Lady Manſell.

THis ſtuffe of mine, I grant, is overcourſe,
For your fine wearing, Loadſtarre of our Clime,
Yet let it ſerue, I pray, tho few be worſe
As a courſe garment for this Winter time.
Ere Sommer els, I do moſt highly feare,
That Momus will my Loome in ſunder teare.

Epig. 2.

On her name.

C CEll of vertue thou art rare,
A CAny with for to compare,
T That doth dwell in Cambers Clime,
H Having noble *Sydneys* Line.
E Ever beautifie thy name,
R Royall, worthy, peereles dame:
I In vertue ſtill let be thy dwelling,
N Never ill, in good excelling;
E Eternizing ſo thy fame.
M Might my praier be accepted,
A Accept it, Lord, and graunt her Iſhue:
N Never none to be reiected

S Send her, children, cloath'd in Tishue,
E Erect her calling at thy pleasure,
L Let her life be vertues Treasure:
L Lead her soule where Angels are.

Epig. 3.

To the worthy founder of our famous Oxonian Librarie, Sir Tho: Bodley, *built in the forme of a* T.

THe forked Y, as learned Sages write,
Containes in it deepe mysteries divine:
Thy target T if that I true endite,
Doeth shelter in't more many a sacred Line
Then all the letters of that * sage his name;
Such is the Glory of thy Vaticane.

* Pythagoras.

Epig. 4.

To the Reader, of his Poëmes.

SOme of these Poemes, some will Satyres call,
(What tho some be grim Satyres-like, and tall?
Which Monsters be, pertaining to the Wood.)
These do molest the Bad, but please the good.

Epig. 5.

On Zoylus, of his Booke.

Poets

POets doe stile thee oft a biting Mate;
Which argues thee the eater of some Bookes:
Eat this withall, but leaue to Barke thereat,
So that in fine this Morsell quite thee choakes.

Epig. 6.
A Courtizan, Etymologized.

A Courtizan most fit deriues her name,
By her conditions from a courteous Dame.
What Nature did to her so gratis giue,
With this shee will all such as begge relieue.

Epig. 7.
The Noone-tide Walker of Pawles.

WHat maks thee stay? Wel nie, since all be gone.
Thou telst me, cause some verses thou wouldst make.
Ist so? thou mai'st since thou art most alone,
And cause all day thy Panch must emptie quake.

Epig. 8.
Garnet, with his twelue Apostles.

IOseph, with his Apostles twelue first plants,
In Englands Soile, Religion pure to grow;
But thou, and thy twise sixe infernall Wants,
Didst this endeavour to supplant; and Sow

Thy

Linsi woolsie.

Thy Popiſh Darnell; but the ſeaſon fail'd,
And thou with thine, to Tyburns poſt waſt nail'd.

Epig. 9.

The ſickemans Dialogue.

SIcknes what art? the Bodies ſchourging-Rod;
What els? the queller of thy lofty blood.
Moreover what? the path vnto thy God.
And what in fine? Death's meſſage for thy good.
Since thou art then the ſoule and bodies weale,
Come when thou wilt, from thee Ile ne're appeale.

Epig. 10.

On our Bacchanalians.
To Magiſtrats.

THunder as anci'ent Poëts fabulize,
Begate God Bacchus, Lord of all misrule:
No wonder then his Nephewes, which Pottize
Till they be drunke, vſe clamors like the Mule.
Remoue the cauſe th' effect ſoone take away:
Y'll aske me how? lop downe the Ivie Bay.

Epig. 11.

To his deare interreſſed friend Mr M. Cradocke.

AS I thy ground did compaſſe and o'relooke
I compaſſed well nie, this triviall Booke.

Epig. 12.

In Lanuginoſos Buccinatores.
To his fr. M. Rob. L Loyd.

O'Re many are, as we may dayly ſee,
That ſtart too ſoone to Moyſes ſacred ſeat,
Before they ſit beneath Gamaliels knee,
To ſucke the Nectar of his flowing Teat.
Theſe Brocchers be of ſchiſme and hereſie,
Not skilling how to teach or edifie.

Epig. 13.

To the worthie Mecænas of learning
Mr Anthony Guin, Eſquier.

* *Anacharſis inter Scythas.*

AMongſt the Scythians Anacharſis ſage
Was their ſole Clearke, the * Proverbe verifies.
I will not ſay, in this our learned age,
Thou art ſole Phœnix, in arts Myſteries.
But this I'le ſay, in this our barren Clime:
Thou art the beſt Mecænas vnto thine.

Epig. 14.

To the ſtudious Gent. Mr I. Carne.

THy ſtudious Booke, thy blazed fame ſhall ring:
When others paſtime to great ſhame ſhall bring.

Epig. 15.

Vnum neceſſarium.

To his reſpective fr. Mr Row. Harries, of pious, religious ſcholler, Mr Hop. Price, lately deceaſed.

SOme graue in yeares, in lore but childiſh yet,
In ſtud'ing fleering, fliting, fading toies.
But thou, young Price, had'ſt cert's a graver wit
In conning precepts of ay laſting ioyes.
Let theſe alone, to 'enioy their fruitleſſe art;
Thou doubtleſſe now haſt choos'd the * better part.

* *Lucæ* 10.42.

Epig. 16.

To our Moderne Epigrammatiſts, of his Poemes.

ALL arts, which lateſt come to common view,
Are commonly the beſt without compare;
But in theſe lines you cannot finde this true,
Like timeleſſe fruits, vnmellowed right which are,
For you haue gather'd all the Sommers flowers.
Here are but leauings mixt with Hyems ſhowers.

Epig. 17.

One Mour ſier Elatus, deceaſed.

IT lately ſeem'd by thy aſpiring mind,
Thou totall waſt compoſ'd of loftie fire:

Which

Which vpward's tend's, the place to' hit aſſign'd,
But thy downefall vnto the baſeſt * mire,
Betokens now thy ſubſtance was but clay;
Which ſhould haue ſtoop't thy loftineſſe alwaie.

* *qui cadit in terram, non habet vnde cadat.*

Epig. 18.
A new Convert.

THy change was good, from bloody killing ſword;
To preach and teach the ever living word.

Epig. 19.
A rare Metamorphoſis.

IS it not ſtrange, in this our iron age?
To ſee one clime to pulpit, from the ſtage.

Epig. 20
The Epitaph of the ſtudious Gent.
Mr Hop. Price.
To the worſhipfull, his loving father
Mr Wm Price, Eſquier.

AS my true loue was loyall vnto thee
Whiles that thou breath'ſt within this valty Cell;
Which ſhall not end with thy mortalitie,
But in the graue with thee ſhall ever dwell:
So take theſe farwels as thy only due,

Of thy deare freind, thy death which doth berue.
Farewell, bright Gem of learnings worthie grace;
Farewell, great hope of all the Muſes nine;
Farewell, ſweet Impe, with thy Angellike face;
Farewell, embracer of the word divine.
Farewell, deere Price, whoſe price I cannot count:
Farewell, vntill we meet in Sions Mount.

Epig. 21.
Duke Humfrey entomb'd.

THy Tombe has Gratis more ſpectators e're
Then thoſe of Weſtminſter for Coine I wote;
'Tis ſtrange, therefore they doe not pay more deare,
But as I geſſe, they be not worth a grote.

Epig. 22.
Gullus, Grillus.

Gu. HOw goes the world, my Grillus, now with thee?
Gr. Comrade, my life naught is but ſlaverie;
Gu. How ſo, a freeman for to be a thrall?
Gr. Free borne, but yet, Don Magnus Tenis Ball.
Gu. Caſhiere his yoke, caſt of his ſervile Badge.
Gr. Oh, no, for feare of his moſt furious rage.
Gu. What world is this? muſt you be Rombus ſlaue?
Gr. Yes; elſe for ſuch iuſt nothing we can haue.

Linsi-woolsie.

Epig. 23.
To I. G.

THy Crosses were full many in account;
But, ay, one * Manie, doth these many mount.

* *Insania.*

Epig. 23.
Tillage. To his fr. M. Ie. Cradocke.

TIllage is good, the Husbandmans true badge;
While youth remaines, still fructifies, Till Age.

Epig. 25.
The Sympathy of Law, and Logicke.
To his Academian Cousen,
Io. Powell.

a *fallacius.*

THe subtile Logicke, and the craftie Law,
Most equally within one yoke doth drawe;
Both vse * Deceipts, the one for glorie vaine,
Th' other doth abuse it for his Gaine.
Both Brawlers be, and doe for ever iarre.
Th' one at Schoole, the other at the Barre.
But of all evils we must chuse the lesse;
And from Impostors vs for ever blesse.
To Logicks quipping tongue, I'ld rather stand:
Then to lawes cruell, shearing, shaving hand.

Epig. 26.

Quicquid in Buccam venerit.
To Mistr. Futilis.

THy Sivie breast can keepe no secrecie;
But forcest all things thereout for to fle:
If there were vent to gable lie, or truth;
Thy breast should be in leiu of open mouth.

Epig. 27.

Fides sola iustificat.
To Mr VVadams, the worthie founder of a new College in Oxford.

THe Popish sect faire Colleges did raise;
Whereby they thought themselues to iustifie;
But sole true faith we see doth nowadaies,
Produce Good daughters, workes of charitie.
Which caus'd, I thinke, our Wadam so to wade,
In building Columnes, which shall never fade.

Epig. 28.

On Curius, and Curiosus.

I Did 'force thee present my faultlesse Bill.
And prai'd thereto thy hand to vnderwrite;
Thou told'st me, nay; for that t'was framed ill,
And why? thou se'st, cause faults it did not cite.

Thou

Thou diff'rest then from Curiosus quite,
Which will subscribe to All, but to the Rite.

Epig. 29.
To Mounsier After.

AFter, in what? in name, sure not in Lore.
For most Sr Iohns thou wentest bold, Before.

Epig. 30.
To King Iames, Brittaines Royall Monarch.

THe Vnicorne, and Lion ioine in loue,
Which props the Armes of our most Gracious King;
Tho enimies in all things else they proue
Themselues vnto themselues; a wondrous thing;
That beasts should be more humane in their kind,
To vnions pearle; then mens Diuisions blind.

Epig. 31.
To the most Illustrious Brothers, the Earles of Pembroke, and Mountgomerie.

VVales stiles you Both with titles great of fame
You pay hir 'alike, your Greatnesse 'mounts (her Name.

Epig. 32.

To the learned and ingenious Divine, Mr D. Hall, of his vowes Cent.

SOme vow, and breake; thou vowſt and do'ſt fulfill.
Such is the difference 'twixt good, and ill.

Epig. 33.

In the praiſe of Braſen-noſe-Coll.

THy Noſe more famous is, tho' it be of Braſſe,
Then many a head of many a golden Aſſe.

Epig. 34.

To his loving fr. Mr Ie. Price. Batc. of Divinitie.

WEll may we liken Gods moſt ſacred write,
Vnto the formes of Alcibiades:
Which outwardly look't plaine, and nothing bright;
But inwardly, moſt like faire Goddeſſes:
So doth Gods word ſeeme rude, in outward face;
But the cleare ſpirit yeelds a ſhining grace.

Epig. 35.

On perfidious Carle, the loue-maker.

CArle will not kee pe promiſe, wote yee why?
He thinkes by Law all Suiters well may ly.

Epig.

Epig. 36.
To his friend and Phiſition
Mr VVm Voyle.

My friend thou haſt a griefe in Phiſicks art,
Called, Me noli tangere, by name;
For being touch't, it forthwith yeeldeth ſmart.
How can'ſt thou then to this a Med'cine frame?
Each griefe, I thinke, within thy * Bookiſh cell,
With this griefes name will be contented well.

* his ſtudie.

Epig. 37.
To his golden Gildus.

[a] *Ex Mo. Vtopia.*

THe feign'd Vtopian [a] weareth in his eare
A ring of Gold in leiu of infamie;
But, Gildus thou, Gold-earings ſtill do'ſt weare,
Which is, thou ſai'ſt, thy ſelfe to glorifie.
What glorie i'ſt? it ſerues to hide the ſore,
Which in thy eares the Pillorie did Bore.

Epig. 38.
To ſober Mr Bevans.

SObrietie thou comp'ſt a ſin, and why?
Becauſe thou ſeldome liveſt ſoberly.

Epig. 39.
The Sheapheards Calenders Arithmeticke.

THou Kalender of Sheepheards farre did'ſt erre,
In numb'ring Gods Commaundements by rote;
When Nine for Ten for Truth thou did'ſt averre,
Leaving the ſecond out, not leaſt of note.
This thy ſubſtraction ſerues no other Sheepe
But thine; which baſely to the Image creepe.

Epig. 40.
Perkins.

THou ſweet, profound Divine, with one ſole hand,
Did'ſt raze more buildings of the Popiſh frame,
Then many a one, that ſeeketh to withſtand
With both at once, the Gunſhot of the ſame.
Here doth the Maim'd, (a wonder) as we ſee
The whole o'rematch, in Chriſt his Soulderie.

Epig. 41.
To Sr Io. Stradling, Knight and Baronnet, of his learned Epig.

THy Muſe fits not the vulgar in effect:
For reading, ſans conceipt, is to neglect.

Epig.

Epig. 42.
Iewell, the Hammer of Hereticks.

THou Iewell waſt a iuell rare indeed,
Of value more then is the Ophir gold:
For this doth only decke the bodies weed;
But thy moſt heav'nly words moſt ſweetly rowl'd
Doe decke the ſoule; and thy keene Engliſh Pen
Did cut[a] his throat, that ſung the Popes Amen.

[a] *Hardings.*

Epig. 43.
D. Rainolds Ghoſt.

WHhat made thee, Atlas of our Church divine?
For to decline ſo vnder thy light paiſe:
Which never ſtoop'ſt to any Popiſh ſhrine
In all thy life; but loth'ſt ſuch Traſh alwaies.
Thy anſwer is hereto moſt right I doome,
Burning to vs thou did'ſt thy ſelfe conſume.

Epig. 44.
To Mr Blable the Tale-teller.

DAme Nature gaue thee two eares, and two eies,
(My wheel-tongu'd Gemy) which doth ſeldõe ſtay
And but one mouth (through her foreknowledge wiſe)
That thou ſhould'ſt more both heare, & ſee, then bray.
But thou do'ſt blab againſt Minerva's Law
More then thy Eares did heare, or Eies e're ſaw.

Epig.

Epig. 45.

To the Ho: and moſt vertuous Lady, Barbara, *Vice-counteſſe de* Liſle:, *the Omega of the Gamages.*

ALL rivers that do run to Neptune Vaſt,
Do looſe their names let them be neere ſo great:
So thy great Granſiers names in thee at laſt,
Do looſe their ſtile, and coyties royall ſeat.
What tho? is not the ſea of more renowne
Then rivers, which in him themſelues do drowne?

Epig. 46.

Gabriell Goodman, heretofore Deane of Weſtminſter.

GOodman waſt hight, (and leſſe I miſſe to ſcan)
Thou waſt indeed a zealous right good man.

Epig. 47.

I am Baccho, quam Vulcano.
To Hugh, the Ale-Draper.

THou art a Crafts-man good; yet all thy Craft
Cannot detaine thee from too deepe a Draft.

Epig.

Epig. 48.

To the noble heroike Gent: Sir William Sidney *Knight, of the place of his Nativitie.*

ZEland did blaze thy birth, be like thy name;
Then Sea, and Land ſhal Trumpe thy Goldē fame.

Epig. 49.

To Zutphen, a towne in Gilderland, at the Beleagring of which, the renowned Sir Phillip Sidney *was killed.*

I wiſt not which thy fame or infamie?
Doth more exceede, in cauſing *Sidneys* fall:
But yet, I rather thinke thy fame, for why?
Before that time thou hadſt no fame at all.

Epig. 50.

On Elizabeths Embleme, late Queene of England, Tanquam Ovis.

Thou waſt a ſheepe, and Wolfes thy ſhepheards were;
How didſt thou then eſcape Deaths bloody hand?
Another * ſhepheard which doth rule the Spheare,
Did theſe fell ſhepheards wondrouſly withſtand.

* *Pſalme.* 23. 4.

Epig. 51.
In Du Bartas praise, and his Translator.

RIght well Du Bartas may we call thy name,
For [a] Duw in Welch betokens more then Man.
So wast, I thinke, when thou thy Laies didst frame,
Such Heav'nly Muse sole Man could scarsly scan.
And Iosuah thou that took'st this verse in hand
To turne; for ere thy [b] sunne of praise shall stand.

[a] *God* [b] *Ios.10.13.*

Epig. 52.
To wise Lusca.

I wonder, Lusca, of thy foolish Pate,
Which to thy husband haste so wise a Mate;
He should haue powr'd into thy selfe being One
Linkt to himselfe, some wisdome long agone.
But, as I gesse, thy head is farc'd so full
With folly, that no lore can pearce thy scull.

Epig. 53.
To publicke Lata alias Wh:

WHy do men call thee, Publicke? for I weene,
What thou committ'st is not in Publick seene.

Epig.

Epig. 54.

On Fabius, to the Readers.

THou didſt reſigne thy Office, wote yee why?
Becauſe thou ſai'ſt, thou hard'ſt a Rat to Squeake:
None would haue wondred at thy foolerie,
In leaving it, if thou hadſt hard her Speake.

Epig. 55.

Pilling, and Polling.
To Dæmon, and Damon.

Dæ: How iſt Comrade? we both profeſſe the Law,
Therfore we ſhould in one yoke equal draw.
Da: We do; but in the Manner we diſſoine,
I civill do, thou common do'ſt Purloine.
Dæ: No force, our Maners both ſhall Manours buy;
Da: Why then Ile ſhaue, and fley thou Equitie.

Epig. 56.

To the moſt learned, and Heavenly Divine, Doctor Holland, Doctor of the Chaire, lately Deceaſed.

THy ſacred Chaire did oft from Earth thee Mount:
No marvaile; for of Earth thou nought didſt Count.

Epig. 57.

To Sir Hebes, the Unctions Empericke.

WHat diffrence twixt the Papiſts Vnction,
And thine? for both we ſee be quite extreame;
No great; they vſe it when all helpe is gone,
And thou hereby more kill'ſt then curſt, I deeme.

Epig. 58.

To his loving friend Mr Ie: Mayos, Preacher of Gods Word.

IN the Church primitiue, [a] devoted men,
Did lay their Treaſures at the Apoſtles feet;
But the Derivatiue, alas, ſince then,
Allowance poore allots to Preachers meete.
But like their brother Ananias, they,
Yeeld their poore Paſtors, but a [b] part of Pay.

[a] *Act.* 4 35. [b] *Act.* v 2.

Epig. 59.

To his friend R. Loue.

LOue oft is taken for blinde Cupids Game;
So is all loue, thats only but in Name.

60.

To the Illuſtrious L: Viſcount de Liſle, brother to Noble Sir Phill: Sydney.

THough not in Name vnto thy brother deere,
Yet thou in Nature art his worthy peere;

His

His fame extolled, blazed forth his name
Thy name exalted, Trumpets loud thy fame.

Epig. 61.

To the worthy Mecænas of learning, Oliver, Lo: St Iohn, Baron of Bledso.

WE Scholers may, St Iohn, thee stile right well,
Which gratis giv'st to [a] Saints what others sel.

[a] *Ephes. 3. 8.*

Epig. 62.

The Gilden Mile.

If that same Mile were farced full with Gold,
That's Gilden call'd, for her smooth-silken face;
Then would our Mony-Miners sure be bold
Her pathfaire-superficies to deface.
Then should shee right her Gilden name forsake:
And for the same a gauled name might take.

Epig. 63.

Ius, and Iurista Robbing poore Luscus.

Ius: How ist colleague? how goes Don-Luscus case?
Iur: Clean backwarts, sans of Angels bright a brase
Ius: These heav'nly be, how then canst thou thē haue?
Iur: Friend, thou mistak'st the earthly I do craue.

Epig.

Epig. 64.
On Thraſo, the kill Cow.

I meete percaſe Dell Thraſo at the ſhore,
As he came freſh from Irelands diſmall warre;
I askt what newes? He told me all, and more,
How he himſelfe did thouſands kill, and skarre.
I him beli'ud, for he did beare about
Whole multitudes of the [a] rebellious Rout.

[a] *Pediculos.*

Epig. 65.
[a] *Spiritus, & Caro.*
To his loving friend Mr R. Tho.

[a] Theſe ſeeme in peace to liue in [b] midſt of warre,
So blind we iudge whē with [c] our ſelues we iarre.

[b] *Gal.5.* [c] *2.Cor.4.*

Epig. 66.
Brittaines Burſſe.
To the famous late Earle of Sarisburie.

Full fraught with ſtore ſhall be thy famous Burſſe,
When penileſſe ſhall be the Miſers purſe.

Epig. 67.

To the ingenious Epigrammatiſts Io: Owens, and Io: Heath, both brought vp in [a] *New Coll: in Oxenford.*

Though you were both not of one Mother bore,
Yet nurſed were you at the ſelfe ſame [a] breſt:
For fluent Genious, and ingenious lore,
And the ſame Dugges ſucceſſiuely haue preſt.
Tis true yee are but Foſterers by birth,
Yet brothers right in Rimes conceiptfull mirth.

Epig. 68.

To Blincke, the Archer.

Cupid is blinde yet never miſſe the white:
But thou do'ſt ſee, yet never ſhoot'ſt aright.

Epig. 69.

[a] *Pecunia poteſt omnia.*
On frantick Fiſcus.

The proverbe is, [a] Dame Mony can do All;
It inſtigats the Theefe to kill and ſteale.
It Spurres the Merchant On, to Round the Ball
Of this vaſt Orbe, to'enrich his Common-weale.
What can it not? It cauſeth vs runne mad,
And Fiſcus too, being therewith overclad.

Epig. 70.
The capring Corde.
To theeviſh Lato, and Clowniſh Leto.

(Nick)

VVhat wouldſt haue done with that ſtrong halter,
Which, Lato thought t' exchange for thy Gold;
Thou in it wouldſt haue ſhow'n a capring Tricke,
And ſtrech't thy Necke in that Racke, long of old.
But ſince thou ſcap'ſt, giue Lato's Corde againe,
His right 'tis pitty from him to detaine.

Epig. 71.
On the Worldlings queſtion.

The common queſtion now a daies doth paſſe,
Not what ſhee is; but what ſweet Mopſa ha's.

Epig. 72.
On the Nativity of Queene Elizabeth, borne on the Eue of the Nativity of Ma.

Thy Virgin Birth vpon a Virgins Eue,
Did true Preſage thou ſhould'ſt a Virgin Liue.

Epig. 73.
To our Navigators, ſeeking heare the Port of Reſt.

Epig.

Yee Neptunes Plowmen, ye are cleane aſtray,
Which ſeeke on Earth the Port of quiet Reſt;
Direct your courſe vnto Olympus Bay,
This of all other Capes is ſure the Beſt.
But your calme ſea muſt be the liquid Aire,
Your ſhips, your ſailes the wings not of Deſpaire.

Epig. 74.
A paire royall of Fiends.

Iffriendſhip true did ere in Bad Ones ſtay,
It did remaine in Bengfield, Wincheſter,
And Conſtable; three men of Hels array,
Which ſought Elyza in in hir Prime to ſmoother.
I may not tearme theſe paire of Royall friends
But rather paire of moſt diſloyall fiends.

Epig. 75.
To his loving Coſen Mr Rees Myricke.

THou ſhalt now light on many a compleat frie,
That will thee call, moſt loving Coſin, kinde,
Which never skill'd it by arts Heraldrie;
Take heed, this Coſin, mai'ſt a couſner finde.
For Iudaſ-like h'ill Haile thee with a kiſſe;
And to betray, ſuch Cheaters ſeldome miſſe.

Epig. 76.

On Fuske, the Gormandiſer.
To his Coſin Row: Vaughan ſtudent
in Phyſicke.

Phyſitians ſay, all ſicknes doth proceede
From Ore aboundance, or Vacuitie;
Whereof, the firſt thou verifi'eſt in deed
My Fuske, by gorging thy profunditie.
And 'fore that Nature ſhould a Vacuum graunt
Within thy Panch; Death-Surfeit thou wilt haunt.

Epig. 77.

On an Inne, Grac'd with the Flowre-de-Luce.

Th'art brauely deckt without, with Frãce faire Armes,
But ſtain'd within with her moſt lothſome Harmes.

Epig. 78.

Coytie Caſtle, and Radyr houſe exclaiming
on Time.

WOrld-waſting Time, thou worker of our woes
Thou keene-edg'd raſor of our famous name,
That antique was, but now oblivious growes,
The ſubiect almoſt of contempt and ſhame.
Yet doe thy worſt, our names ſhall liue for ay,
Altho our fame thou buried haſt in Clay.

Epig.

Epig. 79.
Almes Deed's.
On Pinch-Peny, Tent.

SOme Treaſures caſt into the poore mans Box,
Some ſlender Mites according to their ſtate;
But thou didſt never (Tent) once op'e thy Lockes,
Thy Mydas muck for to anihilate.
But ſtuff'ſt his mawe with Roundings for to eate,
To ſtill his crie, which did for coine intreat.

Epig. 80.
To the ſtudious, and noble Gent. Sr R. Sydney, knight of the Bath.

THe waters giue thee titles; but the earth
Shall adde great Trophies to thy greater Birth.

Epig. 81.
Lalus, and Lelius.

LAlus preſuming on a dram of Lore,
Did Lelius daughter for his Mate implore.
Tuſh Princocke proud who ſcornefully repli'd,
Think'ſt thou to haue my Darling, for thy Bride?
La: I am a Scholler, ſo I may growe great,
And may hereafter ſit in princely ſeat.
Le. What do'ſt profeſſe? what is thy facultie?

La. I ſtudy ſacred deepe Divinitie.
Le. Tut, what a Prieſt? a Tenant but for life?
Packhence thou get'ſt not my ioy for thy wife.
La. Be patient Sir, let me win your good will,
I am a Lawier, full of Ploydons skill.
Le. I'ſt ſo? why then I'le inſtantly thee wiue
Vnto my child, for thou art like to thriue.

Epig. 82.
On Prudentius, a Chriſtian Poet.

TIs not thy name mak's thee deale prudently,
But thy profeſſion, Chriſtianitie.

Epig. 83.
*To the moſt Rever. in Chriſt, Francis. B. of Landaffe u his * Catalogue.*

THough no Record ſhall regiſter thy fame,
* Thine owne Records enrowled haue the ſame.

Epig. 84.
The Crab tree.

OF all the Trees, the Crab tree, I thinke beſt;
(The Oke is ſtrong great buildings to erect,
The fir tree faire to frame thereof a cheſt,

The

The *Ew* moſt fit an arrow to direct.)
But this ha's in't a pretious Baulme to cure
The poys'ned ſtings which womens tongs procure.

Epig. 85.
On our fleering, fawning, trecherous Gnathoes.

[a] 1 *Meta.*

THe temp'rat Zones, as [a] Naſo teſtifies,
Participate of heate, and cold commixt.
Herein I thinke, he vents out truth, not lies;
Becauſe that many in theſe Clymat's fixt
Doe, as the Proverbe ſaith, in either hand,
Both carry water, and a burning Brand.

Epig. 86.
On Golden Simonie.
To his deere affectiue Couſen, Mr I. Pralpth.

AT firſt, I knowe, our ghoſtly ſimonie
His name deriv'd from Simon Magus, iuſt;
But now adaies, I thinke it verily,
It tooke his name from See-money accurſt.
Hereby Sir Iohn gets him a living fat,
That never knewe the Latine for his hat.

Epig. 87.

Heavens Diademe.

To his fr. and familiar, W. Io.

MOst wonder will to heare a beggars brat
Should haue as good, as large an heritage,
As the rich heire of some great Potentate,
That whilome was, or is in this our age.
But so it is, the Heavens Hirarchie
To Spade belongs, as well to Scepter hie.

Epig. 88.

Perkins cases, the Divine.

THy sacred Cases conscionable be,
And why not Fips? because he nips the Fee.

Epig. 89.

To the most Rever. Father in Christ, Anth. B. of St Davids.

Of his learned conceipts painted in his hall.

SOme Pen conceipts their ingine sole to shew,
But thine doe wit, and sacred Lore containe:
Which tho domesticke be, for private vew,
Thy fame to publish yet, they doe 'pertaine.
If any question why they secret lie,
I say because the Pencill cannot flie.

Epig. 90.

On his brother, buried in Zeland,

[a] *Gen.*49 33.

VVHat though thy corps, as is the [a] cuſtome old,
with thy forefathers doth not lie ingrav'd?
I truſt thy ſoule with theirs be ſafe enrowl'd
Within the [b] booke of life, moſt certaine ſav'd.

[b] *Apoc.*3.

Epig. 91.

To the hypocriticall Papiſt, wearing the Goſpell of St Iohn about his necke.

THou well this book about thy neck mai'ſt weare:
For, this, I knowe, thy heart it comes not neere.

To his cordiall fr. Mr Moore Fortune heretofore a Traveller. Of Virgina.

[a] *Ex lib. Aug. Nav.*

THe Naturall [a] Virginianiſt's beleeue,
All creatures, both viſible, vnſeene;
That were, or ſhall, or doe on earth now liue,
To be compoſed of light water greene.
A light beliefe, more light then is the water;
To deeme that all was made of ſuch a matter.

Epig.

Epig. 93.

In medio virtus.

To his fr. Rich. Iohnes

VErtue they ſay 'twixt two extreames doth ſtand,
To ſeparate Superlatiues in ill:
Which true we finde in Brodefoord with her Strand,
That parts Lauryddian, 'gainſt Lanellies will.
Elſe ſure the bibbers of theſe famous Townes,
Would meet ful oft to cracke their giddie crownes.

Epig. 94.

To the learned, honeſt, and Pious Gent.
Mr Th. Leyſons, Phiſitian; of
the Bathes.

YOur Bathes partake of waters cold, hot too,
A wonder t'were, but that they wonders doe.

Epig. 95.

On the Orchadians, with their Be-
ſtiall fellowſhip.

IT ill befits for Man and beaſt to lie
In one ſelfe roome without partitions ſhreene;
which the Orchadians hereof teſtifies.
A match ill made together as I weene.
Vnleſſe it be for loue of buggerie,
The worſt of kinde with beaſts to multiply.

Epig.

Epig .96.

To the Cenſurers of theſe vulgar Poeſies, Epigrams.

SOme carping Criticks doubtleſſe will averre,
This kind of rime to haue a common hew,
And therefore harſh, be cauſe it doth inferre
No novell forme, like to the faſhion new;
No marvell, for it is the worlds true guiſe,
The new to loue, the ancient to deſpiſe.

Epig. 97.

To ingenious Ben. Johnſon.

IF that thy Lore were equall to thy wit:
Thou in Apollo's chaire might'ſt iuſtly ſit.

Epig. 98.

The Traveller.

COſting Catita, t'was my chance to meet
Alumnus poore, whome kindly I did greet:
And ask't what newes? who, ſighing, did impart,
Which to vnlace, ſaid he, torments my heart.
But hoping, friend thou wilt condole with me:
I will vnfold what I too common ſee.
The vnderling in Church, and Common-weale,
Muſt travaile, trudge, of bondage the viue ſeale;
And when his ſorrie Sallarie would gaine,

He oft receaues his labour for his paine.
The poore Pedant, who liues a ſervile life,
Which ever toiles, turmoiles in endleſſe ſtrife;
Muſt be to all, yea to the Clowne a Salue,
And for his owne, with cap and knee muſt craue.
The needy ſtudent wanting meanes to liue,
Deteſting by the former waies to thriue:
The Oc'ean furrowes, being quite out of hope,
And either ſerues fierce Mavors, or the Pope.
Alas, quoth I, is this the beſt reward?
That good deſerts reapes in this fertile ſoile?
Yes certs,, ſaid he, but for the ſoules regard,
T'were better farre at the plow's taile to toile.

Epig. 99.
To long Megge of Weſtm.

All cald thee, long Megge, true; they did not miſſe;
If broad Megge too, they had not fail'd, I wis.

Epig. 100.
To the kinde Reader, of the Cenſure of my Booke.

Some will, no doubt, thee aske of this my Booke,
Whither 't be good; perhaps thow'lt ſay, ſo, ſo.
Thy Iudgement giue not ſo, I pray thee, looke:
But hereof rather anſwere him, no, no.

Then

Then ile be ſure to ſhun each curious frie:
That nought but faults in Writings can eſpie.

The end of the firſt Centurie.

Patere, aut Abſtine.

THE SECOND CENTVRIE

Epig. 1.

To his worthy Ho: Patroneſſe,
Catherine, Lady Manſell.

THy ſplendent name, I doe not knowe rightwell,
Or blazed fame, in praiſe doth moſt excel;
But both vnite, and both ſhall equall be,
Such is thy praiſe, ſans partialitie.

Epig. 2.

On our vulgar Pie-Poets.
To the Readers.

An *Epi*gram, I graunt is common grow'n,
Squis'd out of Coblers, Tinkers, baſe of Trade;
(Whereby of yore the learned well was knowne,
Whoſe warbling ſongs was not by Coopers made.)
Such ſordid ſtuffe we ſhould caſt of in haſt,
And will Sr Sutor not to paſſe his Laſt.

[a] *Ne Sutor vlt a crepidam.*

Epig. 3.

To the learned Divine Mr Francis Sydney,

SOme of thy name doe braue Tril Pallas Lance;
And thou moſt graue her Lawrell do'ſt advance.

Epig.

Epig. 4.
On the Mercileſſe Nigard,
To his deere Coſin, Edm: Baſſet.

The Baſe, we ſee do commonly admire,
And high eſteeme the Baſlings of this Earth:
As Silver, Gold, Braſſe, Iron, Lead, and Wire,
So that if famine fals, or pining Dearth,
Scarſe will they ſpare, yea to themſelues one crum,
Much leſſe to Others, to their Doores which come.

Epig. 5.
To his lo: friend Mr M. Hopkins.

With dolefull ſighes right wel may we compare,
The Levit's living par'd on either ſide;
By greedy Patron, thence which culs his ſhare,
And Dunſtus dumbe, in learning little tri'd:
Vnto the Cheeſe, which Banbury doth yeeld,
Which looks moſt poor, on both ſid's cleanly peeld.

Epig. 6.
The Naturalized Dutchman.
To his kinde Comrade, and Lo: Coſin Mr William Hughes.

We ſay, one fault marres tomes good qualities;
But Contrary in the right Flemming borne,

One

One Good 'mends all his superfluities
Of bad conditions, to be ere forlorne:
His Bibbing, Rashnes, Mercenary fight;
But worthie praise, for [a] serving God aright.

[a] *A pure Protestant.*

Epig. 7.

On the worldlings Avarice.
To his lo: friend Mr Io: Roberts, a laborious preacher of Gods word.

The faithfull Abr'am for his Heritage
Did rest content with promise of a Land:
Whereto the faithlesse Bastards of our Age,
Words nought availe without performance-Band.
Yet see the diffrence 'twixt the Sonnes, and Sire,
He Heaven gate, base Earth they sole Desire.

Epig. 8.

Agriculture.
To his lo: friend Io: G.

Like Nero, many do enbowell deepe
Their Mother Earth, for White and yellow Mine:
And others do into Her concaues creepe
Like Pluto's swart, darke coles to digge that shine.
But thou art farre more Naturall then They,
Which dost but Rase thy Mothers face of Clay.

Epig.

Epig. 9.

To one, declining vnder the yoke of Affliction.

VVhat tho thy cofers be not ſtuffed hard
With Ceſars croſſes, all of beaten gold:
And all the croſſes of the Popes be bard
Thy houſe; yet faint not, but be ever bold.
For thou haſt had thoſe croſſes, that exceede
Farre theſe; which be Chriſts croſſes, beſt in deed.

Epig. 10.

[a] Babilon Metamorphoſed.
To his lo: friend M: Matth. Bennet.

Thou boaſteſt prowd, that thou do'ſt rule as [a] Queene,
Thou art miſtake, 'tis rather like a [b] Quene.

[a] *Apoc.* 18 7. [b] *Apoc* 13. 2.

Epig. 11.

On Sir Phill: Sidneys Arcadia.

Thy workes are worthy praiſe, and why I pray?
Becauſe that none can theſe diſpraiſe, I ſay.

Epig. 12.

To his lo: friend M: M. Hop: for the loane of Dod, and Cleaver on the Decalogue.

Dod with his Cleaver cleaues the ſtonie rocke
Of our hard harts through their laborious paine:

And plaines the way moſt plaine for Chriſt his ſcoſ,
That leads 'ore hils to the celeſtiall plaine.
Theſe paire of friends with thankes I ſend againe,
Though two in Name, in Nature yet not twaine.

Epig. 13.
On the monſtrous ſin of drunkenneſſe

[a] *Sen. de Tranquil. anim.*

THat [a] ſtoicall ſage did drunkenneſſe preſcribe
A ſalue moſt ſure vnto a quiet minde;
Which ſpuing potion, moſt of every Tribe,
Now takes, which workes moſt brauely, as we finde.
It cauſeth vomits, doth phlebotomize,
And more, the dumbe doth cauſe to Rhetorize.

Epig. 14.
To the hopefull, and courteous Courtier, young Sr Edw. Lewis.

THe Court thy Name may better, I confeſſe:
But not thy nature, leſſe I miſſe to geſſe.

Epig. 15.
Worm'ſhead.
To his approved good fr. T. Rog.

A Rocke there is, that Worm'ſhead ha's to name,
Within whoſe Concaues, fiſh, and fowle do breed;

A wonder ſtrange, which merits blazing fame,
That ſtones, the ſelfe ſame Rocke, and eke indeed
At the ſame time, the feathered bird, the fiſh
Should feed, and ſtanch their appetites at wiſh.

Epig. 16.
Chriſt, and Apollo.
To Phyſitians.

BOth, ſores of ſoule and bodie Chriſt doth cure,
Which cannot Synthius, which you ſay is ſure
A God; and [a] God, they ſay, can all effect,
But certs, I thinke, your God ha's this defect.

[a] *Mat. 19. 26.*

Epig. 17.
On our curious queſtioniſts.
To his lo. fr. Har. Iohnes.

TOo many are of curious Queſtioniſts,
That proud demands what God himſelfe did frame,
Before a' fram'd the world wherein conſiſts
All Cre'tures that both Savage be, and tame.
Which cannot yet their Pater noſter ſay,
Vnleſſe perhaps in Latine cleane aſtray.

Epig. 18.

To his lo.fr. Mr VV. Awbrey, an ingenious Anagrammatiſt, late turned a Miniſter.

IF that the Cenſure of the Gabaliſts
Be true, which ſaith there lies in each mans name,
By the inverſion of Hieroglyphiſts,
His fatall fortunes, or his blazed fame.
Which in thy name thou did'ſt, I thinke, out finde,
When to that ſacred coat thou gau'ſt thy minde.

Epig. 19.

Pengwin, the eight wonder of the world. To his Couſen Rees Griffith, a Peregrinator.

THe vniverſe, as we may reade, containes
But only ſeaven wonders, ſtrange and rare;
The eight, to make the number ev'n, remaines,
Which, Diſticke-wiſe, herein I will declare.
This is a Bird, that Pengwin ha's to name,
Which never flew, and yet was never tame.

Epig. 20.

To the courteous Gent. M. Arth. Manſell.

AS thou art Arthur excellent in name,
In nature too, I wiſh thee eke the ſame.

Epig.

Epig. 21.
The Ile of the Croſſe.

[a] *Ex lib Mounſt. Coſm.*

I Geſſe,[a] Coſumbus gaue that fitting name
To that ſame Clime, which he calls Crucis Ile;
Becauſe there Cannibals without all ſhame,
Doe eate mens fleſh, which they to them beguile.
Which firſt they fix vnto a Crux to feede,
Like to an Oxe, being fat they cauſe to bleede.

Epig. 22.
On curious Dametas.
To his Couſen H. Tho. ſtudious in the Bible.

TH' ignorant in this our curious age,
Or little leſſe, ſome Aſſe of ſhallow reach,
Will ſeeme to prate in myſt'ries deepe, and ſage;
The greateſt Clearkes which vex, that write, or preach
And if you tell him,[a] doe this thou ſhalt liue,
'Tis nought, vnleſſe vnto the deapth you diue.

[a] *Mat. 10.*

Epig. 23.
Ieſus College in Oxford, ſpeaking to King Iames.

[a] *Ariſt 1. Eth*

ALL things,[a] they ſay, doe wiſh a perfect end,
I being vnperfect, doe eke wiſh the ſame,

Thy Roy all hand my ragged walles can mend,
And perfect that what Priſcious e'n began.
An eaſier taske, to ioine foure corner ſtones
In me, then lincke in one foure Nations.

Epig. 24.

Mors, Sceptra ligonibus æquat.
Alluding to the death of the moſt renowned
H. Fredericke, Prince of Wales.

O Fatall death, can none eſcape thy Dart?
O gaſtly Ghoſt, muſt all obey thy Heſt?
Muſt Princes, as the beggar feele thy ſmart?
Muſt great ones die, ſans mercy, as the leaſt?
Henry was young, therefore thou might'ſt him ſpare;
Henry was ſage, then ſhould'ſt his life prolong:
Henry was warlike, touch him how could'ſt dare?
Henry was learned, death thou haſt vs' wrong.
Mavors farewell, and learned Mercury,
Since Henry left too ſoone our company.

Epig. 25

To the moſt famous, and Heroike Ladie,
Mary, L. Wroth.

THy worthy husband Ladifies thee Wroth,
Pray be not ſo with my poore pen, to place
'Fore R the O; then iuſtly Lady VVorth
I might thee ſtile, worth what? hie honours Grace.

Epig.

Epig. 26.
The[a] *Canaries.*

THoſe Iles were wont to be call'd fortunate,
Haue now their names Canaries, for the Curres
That breed therein (a Metamorphos'd ſtate,
And ſtrange) which thinks her bleſt for beaſtly Burres.
But Bryttaines Ile ſhould certaine more be bleſt,
If with mad dogs ſhe were the leſſer preſt.

Epig. 27
Goddeſſe fortune.

TH' vnfortunate denominat's his name
And fortunate alſo, from fortune blind:
In Polycrates, and Vlyſſes fame,
Her conſtancy vnconſtantly we finde.
Th' one ſhe ever croſs'd by ſea and land,
Th' other bleſt with her vnbliſefull hand.

Epig. 28.
Hiſpana, in Hiſpanos.

Hiſpana Ile has in't a wonder rare,
Which Serpents be without all poiſon ſtrong;
And do not hurt (as[a] ſtories do declare)
Th' Inhabitants, which do dwell them among;
Which ſhould teach thoſe that cõquer'd firſt the ile,
To ſhun to kill, through venom's poiſned guile.

[a] *Ex Munſt. Coſm.*

Epig. 29.
On Terhernes Sepulture.

Terherne thou li'eſt enterd within the graue,
Of a blind Monke, in thoſe daies compted wiſe,
And thou a foole; a Sepulture moſt braue,
Which doth the idiot, and the Sage compriſe.
Yet, thou a foole to greater Bliſſe mai'ſt riſe,
Then the blind Monke, that was eſteemed wiſe.

Epig. 30.
On the feminine Supremacie.

I often hard, but never read till now,
That Women-kinde the Codpeeces did weare;
But in thoſe Iles, the men to women bow,
Which do their names of [a] male, and female beare.
I ſhould therefore the woman iudge to be
The veſſell ſtrongſt, but [b] Paule denies it me.

[a] *Ex lib. Navig Aug.* [b] *1. Cor. 7. 3.*

Epig. 31.
To the right worſhipfull and moſt courteous knight, Sir Lewis Manſell, of his ho: [a] mariage.

The Porcupine, with launces ſharpe, and keene,
Doth now not ſeeke to pearce the Fawchi'on faire:
Nor is the Fawchi'on 'gainſt the Griffon ſeene

To

To fly; but ioies as friends, a Royall paire.
What is the cause of this their league? thy [a] loue,
Which doth the birds, that's strange, to Vnió moue.

Epig. 32.
On Cottulus the vnconstant Professor.

Vnconstant Cottulus, which primly wast,
Precisian-like, most curious of thy life:
But now that faction thou hast overpast,
And turn'd a Papist, seeds-man ful of strife.
I wonder, what thou thirdly wilt Professe,
Camelion-like, a Newter, as I gesse.

Epig. 33.
To his Antiquious Academian friend Mr William Ie.

The Swan, they say, doth sing before he die;
But thine, I wis, did mourne most dolefully.

Epig. 34.
On the beloved Gossips, Lena, and Larga.

Le: WVhy wilt not Larga, Marry Mr Steere?
A proper man, & wise, no Meacocks Gul:
La: I tell thee why, I hate a castred Pheere,
And rather chose my Suiter, Maister Bull.

Epig.

Epig. 35.
The Picture of a Paramour.

Moſt pretty Loue, of all our Loues, which loveſt
Never to feed on one ſole dainty diſh;
But many more do'ſt taſt, and often proveſt,
Through ſweat of Body, and a louely kiſſe.
Thou ever lov'ſt variety of cates,
Which honeſt Veſta, and Mæchaon hates.

Epig. 36.
To the gaſtly Ghoſt of Terherne.

Some are, which haue grow'n famous by their lore,
By dint of ſword, and eke by Prudencie;
But thou (Terherne) renowned waſt of yore,
For a pure foole, and nat'rall foolerie.
But here's the difference 'twixt your brinted fame,
Theirs, for their wit, and thine, of folly, came.

Epig. 37.
Coed Franke.
Of the knights of St Denis Bathe.

I wonder why men did thee nominate
Coed Franke, in antique Brittaines copious Tongue;
Vnleſſe thou got'ſt it through the French-mans fate,
The gallian griefe, which blaſted thee along.

If

If it be so, let fleshmen learne by thee
To shun the pox; which burn's the very tree.

Epig. 38.
Of the lamentable Deaths, of H.3. and H.4. the french kings, murthered by a brase of Fryars.

[a] *Gen* 49. 5. [b] *Gen* 34. 5.

If[a] Patriarches twaine, in holy write be nam'd
[b] Brethren in evill for revenging wronge;
Then may those Brase of Friars well be blam'd,
(Which burn's, sans Mercy, mõgst the Hellish thrõge)
For doubtlesse they were brethren in ill,
Which trait'rously France Royall blood did Spill.

Epig. 39.
To his Sickloe friend.

Store is no sore, the proverbe verifies;
Which thou find'st false, in store of Malladies.

Epig. 40.
To Reverend vida, the filching Preacher.

Gods zeale, (most zealous vida,) Prelate graue,
Did eate thee vp, while that the borrowed oyle
Of others Lampes, did furnish thee most braue,

With Budget Lore, to keepe a preaching coile.
What meanes thy ſilence? Sure the oile is out,
And being thruſt from Moyſes chaire, art Mute.

Epig. 41.
To plaine Io: the verſificator.

WHat kinde of Poem's thine, I thee beſech?
No wittie one, therefore a witleſſe ſpeech.

Epig. 42.
To Battus, the Catechiſer.

Magiſter Battus of the A.B.C.
I do commende thy conſcience for to teach
Thy Punies Raw, without reward, or fee;
Th'wilt ſerue to catechiſe, but ill to preach.
Whereas thou doſt thy pupils teach for nought,
Right well thou mai'ſt, thy Lore deſeru's not ought.

Epig. 43.
On Miſtreſſe Wag-taile.

Thy gadding head, my pretty Myſa ſweet,
Did cauſe thy taile to be moſt wagging ſtill;
Herein we ſee both head, and taile do meet
Thy luſt ne're ſatiate ſeeking to fulfill.
Twas not thy Head, that did thy Taile enflame,
But t'was thy Taile, that did thy Head defame.

E-

Epig. 44.
Lex Talionis, on Rot, the Tyrant.

Prowde cruell Rot, which now do'ſt rot in graue,
That e're waſt wont to tread on poore mens necks,
And force the harmeles Gull to be a Slaue,
Vnto thy Threts, and eke commanding ceeks.
Theſe all requite thee now with Talio's Law,
And on thy Head do trample without Awe.

Epig. 45.
The Cacademons Epitaph.

Heare Batcocke lies, a Cocke too Bad by kinde,
Which ever wak't his Prentiſes to play
At cardes, whereto he had a zealous minde,
For them he bore in ſteed of Bookes to pray.
Which being dead, a paire of Cards was found
Vnder his head; to play with vnder ground.

Epig. 46.
Socrates.

Thou Socrates the wiſeſt Sage foretold,
That was on earth, while that on earth thou breth'ſt
Waſt not ſo wiſe yet, for to chooſe, that [a] Scold,
To be thy wife; thou wiſdome herein leau'ſt.
Vnleſſe it were thy patience, for to trie,
If ſo, our daies yeelds thee many a fry.

Epig. 47.

To his honeſt kinde friend M. Edw: Andrewes, of the Epithit, Honeſt.

Honeſt, a word, I ſweare an Adiectiue,
For now a daies, it little ſtands in ſteed:
But he that to the Depth of Craft's can diue,
He is the Wiſeman that doth now exceed.

Epig. 48.

An Anothomy for Husbandry.

PAterne for husbands, Choake thou art of right,
VVhich do'ſt not choake thy good ſeed with the (Thornes
Of worldly care, to be a Miſer hight,
Thy lands brings better fruit, then wild Acornes.
This ſhining candle of thy husbandrie,
Vnder a Buſhell doth not hidden lie.

Epig. 49.

To the worthie and famous Earle of Notingham, high Admirall of England.

GReat number doe on the firme land beare ſway,
Theſe thou excell'ſt, thou mak'ſt the ſea obay.

Epig. 50.

The flushing fray.

To his Cousen, Leiftenant Ie. Watkins.

THe Flemmings fight is reasonable, yea;
Being [a] reasonlesse, h'ill but or sticke, or snee.

[a] *drunke.*

Epig. 51.

Omnium rerum vicissitudo est.

Master, Messenger.

Ma. VVHat's thy name? Messenger? for what I pray?
Me. Tis Master kind, for y our deere loue, I say.
Ma. Tush, I doe hate, deteſt thy lawlesse bed,
Me. You may helpe that, if you doe me but wed.
Ma. Fie 'tis not fit for females, for to sue;
Me. Tut, let's conioine, it is the fashion new.

Epig .96.

Amicus certus in re incerta cernitur.

To trustie M. Gage.

[a] *Queene Elizabeth.*

THou faithful Gage, that wast a gage indeed.
For loyaltie, and eke for servi ce true,
(Vnto that famous [a] Prince by God decreed
To Quell the Pope, Religion pure to shewe)

In

In her distresse; which fewe of thine own name,
To thy pure faith, themselues doe wholly frame.

Epig. 53.

To faire fac'd Margaret.

WHat odd's 'twixt Margarit, a precious pearle,
And Margaret? a sweet and peereleſſe Girle.
No odd's I see, for we must buy the one,
And Gratis thee, I thinke, possesse shall none.

Epig. 54.

The voluble wheele of fortune.
To the interne friend Mounsier Hie,
and M. Low.

Lo. THou clim'st the wheele of fortune, Mounsier Hie
And gap'st for glorie, and preferment great;
Hie. True Mr Low, and thou as fast do'st flie,
And lowe descend'st from fortunes highest seat
Despaire not yet, if fortune, [a] fortune be,
Shee may thy name appropriate vnto me.

[a] *Vnconstant.*

Epig. 55.

To the worthy Gent. M. Rawley Bussie, in volving the earthly Globe, & tossing of the Tenis ball, most expert.

THy solace is, to volue the orbicke ball
Of this round earth, and eke the Tenis Pile;

The

Th' one in sporting, which we pastime call,
Th' other, when thy fluent Muse do'st file.

Epig. 56.
To Mistris Lightfoot.

I Chaunc'd, as once I travail'd to 'oretake
One Mistris Quick, being found'red, making mone:
I ask'd, what did her pace so halting make,
I did my foot, quoth she, hurt 'gainst a stone.
Tis nothing so, said I, kind Mistrisse Quicke,
Your griefe I take, came rather of a pricke.

Epig. 57.
Vincit, qui patitur.
To his lo. fr. Rich. Gibons, a Teacher.

IF any wish his patience for to try,
Let him, but practise sole thy Ministrie.

Epig. 58.
To his fragile firtree staffe.

THe Proverb se's, tis better for to bow
Then for to breake, a note of gentlenesse;
But thou, my prop, do'st scorne to stoope so lowe
As bend, a signe, se'st thou of basefulnes.
But breake wilt rather (my most brittle Tree)
Yet doe not so, I prethee, vnder me.

Epig. 59.

On Stephen, the bloody Persecutor.

GOod Gardiners doe vse for to supplant (saue;
Their bad grow'n weeds, their fruitfull hearbes to
But, Gard'ner thou, the [a] flowre of Troynovant,
Did'st thinke to weed, and burie in her graue.
To heavens Reapers, far vnlike wast thou,
To weed the wheat, and let the [a] Ever gro N.

[a] *Mat.* 13 28.

Epig. 60.

To the worthy Knight, Sr Ro. Wroth, of his house call'd Durance.

THy Durance keeps in durance none, I heare,
'Lesse be to pertake of thy [a] bounteous cheere.

[a] *A famous housekeeper.*

Epig. 61.

On our Popish Fugitiues.

THey say, o'refasting doth procure a paine,
(Vertigo hight) the turning of the head:
Which true we find in malecontents most plaine,
When of preferments long they haue not sped.
And [a] Artius-like, which mist his Bishopprick,
Th'ill change their faith, and shewe a Poplsh tricke.

[a] *Ex Euseb.*

Epig.

Epig. 62.
Mother B's Tranſlation.

GOod e'n moſt antique, zelous mother B,
This ſalutation well befits your age:
For while you liue, a veſtall you decree
To be, and ſhun the toies of Pupillage.
And as of old, on Beds you lou'd to play:
So now on Beades you wholy like to pray.

Epig. 63.
* *Licentia Poetica.*
To the carping Criticke.

IVdge not ſo hard, that Poëts ſtill doe lie,
For what they write, 'tis 'llow'd by * Libertie.

Epig. 64.
On the Popes Holineſſe.

THe Romiſh Canons ſhameleſſy aver,
Their holy Father, God, nor man to be;
What is he then? if that, I doe not erre,
H'is no Angell, of heavens Hierarchie.
Vnleſſe be [a] Him, that puts on every Hue
For to deceaue, and this, I thinke, is true.

[a] 2. Cor. 11. 14.

Epig. 65.

To the Paracelsian Empericke.

IF all the world were like to Socrates,
That never stood in need of Physicks hand;
How then could'st liue, if this thy art should cease,
Poore Iack, in this, or any other Land?
Would'st thou then be, a graue Sr Iohn by skill?
So, sure more soules, then bodies would'st thou kill.

Epig. 66.

Of H. 1. king of England, whose inuenomed braine, being dead, kill'd his owne Physitian.

WHat men aliue, being sicke, would oft fulfill,
Thou being [a] dead did'st thy Physitian kill.

[a] *Ex Io. Sowchiron.*

Epig. 67.

To M. Monoculus, the Sagittarie.

WHat dire mishap befell you Mounsier Blinck?
That you haue lost your most respected eie:
You tell me, tush, you shall the better wincke
To hit the marke, and let the arrow fly.
I'st so? your shot, I gesse, will be farre wide,
When that you shut the other eie beside.

E-

Epig. 68.

To Zantippa, the Scold.

WHat mary muffe, what mak's thee ſweet of hew
And ſowre of ſpeech, moſt bitter, waſpiſh, bad?
I thinke, thou art a moſt deteſted ſhrew;
Or with the Ague, or burnt fever clad.
Which ever fils thy tongue moſt full of Gawle,
To all diſtaſtfull, but to ban, and Brawle.

Epig. 69.

The Epitaph of his deerely beloued Scoole-maſter, M. VV. Edwards.

HEre lies the picture of pure honeſtie.
Here lies, the fire of many a learned Sonne,
Here lies, the zeale of Chriſtianitie,
Here lies, the Patron of Religion.
Here lies, that man, whoſe life was naught to none,
Here lies, that friend, whom young and old bemone.

Epig. 70.

To Rome, with her Romiſh brood.

a. 1 *Tim.* 2 3.

PAule [a] ſaith, a Biſhop ſhould a husband be
Of one wife, for to liue a ſober life;
But the great Biſhop, of the higheſt degree,
Will haue his Biſhops for to haue no wife.

I wonder how from all he cuts this band?
They 'are either Eunuches, or play vnder hand.

Epig. 71.

To Gill: the fingring Lawier, and ambodexter.

WHat mak's thee, Gill, the perfect vse to haue,
As well of left, as of thy right hand faire?
Thou Galen-like wilt answer very graue,
Tis o'remuch heat that doth from heart repaire.
I thinke not so, but thy poore Clients gold
Mak's thee to be an Ambodexter bold.

Epig. 72.

A new forme of finding out Petigrees. To Don Stolidus.

My vpstart Gull, that would'st right noble be
In Royall blood (thy labour quite is vaine
In volving bookes of old Antiquitie
For thy base line, not worth thereof the paine)
B' advis'd by me, ope thou an old made Graue;
There thou thy first Genologie shalt haue.

Epig. 73.

Tom of Christ Church in Oxford. To our ceremonious Papists.

The

THe clap ping ſound of Antichriſtian Bels,
They ſay, expels from them their airie Ghoſts:
So, Tom, thy ſound which all thy mates excels,
Doth thine Oxonians cauſe to flie their Hoaſts.
But if thy ſound could ſound as far as Spaine,
Their bodies Ghoſts, I thinke, would them refraine.

Epig .74.
God, and the Pope.

[a] *Mat.22 32.*

THe ſacred Scripture doth for truth record,
That God is only of the living God,
And of the dead, he claimes to be no Lord;
But father Pope recalleth with a nod
They ſay the dead, from Purgatories griefe;
Th'are dead in ſinne, that mak's this their beliefe.

Epig. 75.
To glorious Mopſa, of her ſtolen feathers.

VVHy Miſtris Noll, do'ſt thou Adulterate
(From others Royall lines, thy ſelfe to grace)
Their noble birth, and titles high of ſtate?
That waſt at firſt but poore, obſcure and baſe.
If each ſhould pluck from thy patch't Pedegree
His feathers of, right Æſops Iay might'ſt be.

Epig. 76.

On Cornutus, the Monſter.
To his lo: friend Will: Arne.

Of all wilde Birds, I loth the monſtrous Bat,
Which is a bird, and eke a filthy beaſt;
But of tame birds, I do moſt deadly hate,
That's man in ſhape, yet hath a Beaſt-like creaſt.
Which of theſe Monſters do'ſt abhorre the more?
I thinke the tame, that with his Hornes doth Gore.

Epig. 77.

[a] *Quævis terra alit artem.*
To Booriſh Petita.

The Latine [a] proverbe doth for truth relate,
That ev'ry land doth Arts divine embrace:
Which every where moſt true I eſtimate,
But in Petita, 'mongſt that Ruſticke Race.
Which ſtudies nought, but moſt the crooked Law;
And will effect no goodnes, but for Aw.

Epig. 78.

To his Coſin Lieftenant William Watkins, of
fluſhings Scituation.

Where fluſhing ſtands, the walkers ile, t'was well
So nam'd, for in't walkes many a Sentinell.

Epig.

Epig. 79.

On Nic: Herberts Posie, (Lle y Kymero.)
To his worthy Son Mr Will: Herbert.

Thy, (Lle y Kymero,) did well Sympathize,
(Right worthy Nich'las) with thy noble minde:
For where thou took'st, thou didst not temporize,
But all thy friends did a sure friend thee find.
Thou wast not like the glosers of our Age,
Which disagree 'most from their Posies Sage.

Epig. 80.

To the right Reverend father, Io: King, Bishop of London, a most persuasive Preacher.

What tho thy hand doth not the Scepter sway,
Thy tongue doth cause full many to obey.

Epig. 81.

Tobaccho.
To his respective good friend
Mr M. Cradocke.

The maior part of our Tobacchonists,
Tak's sole the shaddow of this smoakie weed:
But thou hereof contrary often whift's
The substance all of this prodigious Reed.

I grant the ſubſtance doth the ſhaddow paſſe
In all beſides; ſaue in this Indian Graſſe.

Epig. 82.

A paire Royall of Clerkes.
To his friend Tho: Prichard.

Three ſorts there be, which Clerks be call'd by name,
The firſt of right is the ſuperlatiue,
The Bible Clerke, that doth expound the ſame;
The next in Rancke is the Comparatiue,
The Pen and Inkorne Clerke; that bandeth men;
The third, the poſitiue, that cries, Amen.
But prowd compariſons were odious farre,
'Twixt theſe ſame Clerkes, for their Scholaritie;
Yet my braue Scribe will make no bones to iarre,
Yea with the beſt, in caſe of felonie.
But poore Dingdong will not offend his fire,
For feare to looſe his ſmall collected hire.

Epig. 83.

Of the Ambitious.
To his coſen Io: Vaughan of his fall from a Wormſhead.

Some fall, whoſe falling doth their Deaths procure,
Thy fall was great, yet doth thy life remaine;
The ods is, they themſelues to climbe invre,
And ſithence, thou from climing do'ſt refraine.

Epig. 84.

To Sir Humfrey the Recorder.

Thow Humfrey kep'ſt a calender moſt ſtreight
Of others faults, by Word, or Deed, ere ſure;
But neere I thinke, moſt hatefull, careleſſe weight,
Kep'ſt true accompt of thine owne Crimes vnpure.
I deeme thou could'ſt not, cauſe they did ſurmount
The'others ſlips, which thou ſo nigh didſt count.

Epig. 85.

To Morus, the Baulepate.

Good Mr More, what made your pate be bawle?
You ſay, you were borne vnder Venus ſtarre,
Whoſe Conſtellation made your haire to fall,
And eke the credit of your crowne to marre.
But, as I caſt, of this your great miſhap,
You lull'd were rather vpon Venus lap.

Epig. 86.

Cupid, the blind God.
To his lo: friend Mr William Williams.

Why iſt that Poets ſtile thee but a boy?
Since that thou art a thouſand yeares of age;
No marvaile, for thy [a] dotage loue, thy ioy,
With childiſh youth doth even equipage.

[a] *Senes bis Pueri.*

Epig.

Epig. 87.

To Cæcus, the painefull Preacher, of our Dumbe Dogges.

Thou seest not, yet makest others see
Their hainous sinnes, through thy laborious paine:
When Linx-ei'd Drones, which ever idle be,
With taking-paines do never one soule gaine.
Thy sight, their livings eke, I wish to thee,
So that thou wouldest then not idle be.

Epig. 88.

To his loving friend Io: Spencer, skilfull in Arithmeticke, of Mounsier Mutilus.

Thy numbring art the plurall number loues,
And doth casheere the singular, as none:
But Mutilus, Grammarian-like stout proues
The singular; as Lapis, his sole stone.

Epig. 89.

On bibbing Belgicus.

To his cosin Io: Watkins, ensigne bearer.

Flemmingo vseth after every whiffe,
His kind Comrade to take fast by the hand;
He se's, it is to shew his kindnesse rife,
But 'tis, I gesse, because he cannot stand.

Epig.

Epig. 90.
On Del Lucifer.
To his friend Mr Edw. Robinſon, Cler.

VVhat tho Superbus from the Dunghill crept,
Thy holy function ſcornes with open throat;
Yet be content, forgiue and eke forget,
Sith Chriſt himſelfe did dignifie thy coat.
Yet ſuffer Cinicke, when that he is dead,
To Hearſe him, where the Cuckoe firſt was bred.

Epig. 91.
The Imparatiue Moode.
To my Lady Myſo.

I wonder greatly what thy Mood ſhould be,
Indicatiue? no, that doth reaſon ſhew,
But thine is madd; nor Subiunctiue I ſee,
That ſhould depend ſole on thy husband true.
But thine, ſans doubt, is the Imperatiue,
Which makes thee dayly with thy Make to ſtriue.

Epig. 92.
To the ingenious Poet, Mr William Herbert of his booke intituled the Propheſie of Cadwalader.

Thy Royall Propheſie doth blaze thy name,
So Poets muſt, if they will merit fame.

Epig. 93.

To the snarling censurer.

Reader, perhaps thou wilt my Muse dispraise
Of Barrennes, which was a curse of yore;
It is not so, note thou her fathers daies,
A youngling, able to beget yet more.
If idle, vaine, thou deeme it, and vnfit:
An idle vaine becomes a childish wit.

Epig. 94.

On Montanus, the Bibber.
To his loving friend Mr William Thomas.

Thy Nectar, Quondam, was but whiggin small,
Alias sowrewhay, how ist that nought but wine
Thy slippery palate now doth taste at all?
That ne're was Prest in Boreas freezing clime.
No marvaile, for thy body is so bet
With cold, which thou dost seeke with Ale to Heat.

Epig. 95.

On Simon Magus, the Roman,
To his lo. fr. and familiar, M. I. Vaughan

GOd gratis giues his Grace most liberally,
But man will not without a Simons fee.
Which was the cause, as farre as I perceaue,
That caused thee sweet Oxford for to leaue.

Epig.

Epig. 96.

On Luke-warme loue.

To his lo. and approved good Couſen Mr Edw. Gamage,

LOue now adaies is neither hot, nor cold,
Th' wilt aske me then, what i'ſt? I ſay luke-warme;
Why then t's Bet, thou ſe'ſt, then that of old,
O, no, this warme ha's int' the greater harme.

Epig. 97.

Tempus edax rerum.

To the learned Hiſtorian, his lo. friend, M. VV. Meyricke.

TIme doth in time, they ſay, all things devoure,
And eke forgets each learned Mercurie,
Saue the Hiſtorian, only times freſh flowre,
Which never fad's, much leſſe doth ever die.
For't cannot be, that time can blot his name,
Which doth of time Records moſt antique frame.

Epig. 98.

On Iudeas, the Uſurer.

To his loving Coſen Iohn Stradling.

VVHat makes that Beggars in thy neighbourhood,
Poore ſilly wretches, numberleſſe to ſwarme?
Tis not, I weene, for thy devotion good;

But

But rather t's for thy purlonging harme.
Which suffer'st none to thriue that liues at hand;
But begger'st all, by purchasing their land.

Epig. 99.
To the Readers of his Epigrams.

IN the Popes tongue I list not to endite:
'Cause of my rime all men should haue the sight.

Epig. 100.
To the Printer, of Detractors.

THe Captaine presse the Souldier to repell
The furious force of foemens cruell hand:
So do'st thou presse some Papers, that excell,
Yet must they cankred tongues of men withstand.
A wonder t'is, the tongue for the hand, right
Should warre; no force, tis but a womans fight.

The ende of the second Centurie.

Patere aut Abstine.

Disce aut Discede.

W. G. FORLORNE HOPE, SAYling, and Salling forth, vnder the duskie *Colours of the envious vniverse.*

Epig. 1.

MArch forward, Muse, thy Patronesse is great,
And if she proue as good, I feare no ill.
But spac'ous fields h'as Tares as well as wheat,
Besides the Dolphin, Sea h'as Crocodill.
If one Mecæne yet, vnder Heavens Cope
Thou find'st; th'art not a quite forlorne hope.

Epig. 2.

On Tricongius, who was made Consull by Tyberius Cæsar, only for his Drinking.

IF that our Bibbers now adaies, should haue,
As large a Guerdon, as thou had'st of yore;
I thinke we should, of every Tankard slaue,
Great Magistrats, then privat men, haue more.

Epig. 3.

On conscionable Surdaster.

THou se'st, that all thy hearing thou hast lost,
That's true; withall, I thinke, thy feeling too;

How then can'ſt liue? for this maintaineth moſt
Within vs life, as often read we doe;
And yet thou liu'ſt tho quite without remorſe,
So, many doe, to ſin that nothing force,

Epig. 4.
On Lollus loſtie Tombe.

WHhat made the build thy ſtatue eu'n ſo hie?
Whereas thy ſtature low on ground did lie?
This was to grace a ſtupid, liueleſſe ſtone
More then thy ſelfe; t'was well, for thou had'ſt none.

Epig. 5.
On Cherillus the Poet.

PAn is not dead, ſince Pas began to ſing.
Who all excels in conſorts iarring ſtring.

Epig. 6
To his loving, and beloued Coſen, M. I. Pralph Cler. of the Sager, a Hill ſcituated in pariſh. apud Heref.

[a] *Vid. Deut.*

MOſes, before the heavenly Canan ſaw,
Did firſt aſcend the top of [a] Nebo's Mount;
Wherefrom he might a viue deſcription draw
Of Earthly Canan, the firſt's Type in compte.

So

So maist thou climbe to Sagers loftie Hill,
And Canan vew as t'were, a pleasant plaine;
To meditate of heav'nly Canan t'will
Thee instigate assured, as I faine.
Vse to ascend this hill most pleasant, hie:
So, Heaven on earth thou mai'st see, yer thou die.

Epig. 7.
Nusquam tuta fides.
To Firmus, the Camelion.

I Wonder, Firmus, why thy faith is fraile
To some? whose name approues a constancie;
Tis certs, because they be not head, and taile
Thine; both in falsehood, as in veritie.

Epig. 8.
To the Holy Well, on Mawverne Hill.

WE often read that Myracles haue ceast,
Which otherwise seemes by thy golden fame,
(Blaz'd farre and wide: almost to East and West)
Which cures't all, the vlc'rous, blind, and lame.
These myracles, God grant, they be not Mould
In the Popes forge; as Counterfeits of old.

Epig. 9.

To M. Heaven of Heaven, in the Countie of Heref.

THou happie seem'st, two Heavens which possest,
Thy dwelling one, the other is thy name;
Striue to enioy, (and sure thou shalt be blest)
The third, which was that [a] Saints, of greatest fame.

[a] 2. Cor. 12 4.

Epig. 10.

*Decimæ Minutæ.

To the Ministers of Gods word.

THis * phrase you vse for your small Tithes by rate.
And for your greater too, you may vse that.

Epig. 11

On Cressa's femmine flaterie.

PErfidious wretch, what made thee cracke thy faith?
Which once thou vow'st for to obserue and keepe:
But that is true, which the old Proverbe saith,
Beware a woman when she gin's to weepe.

Epig. 12.

On [a] Barieſus, the Magician, and his Sectaries

[a] Act. 13 6.

THy hatefull name agrees with thy black art;
Who vr's it, barr's quite Iesus from his hart.

E-

Epig. 13.

On the whore in Graine,
Helen of Greece.

ONe ſtaine, we read, did ſtaine thy ſunnie face;
But thy ſtain'd life, thy corps did more diſgrace.
This one ſpot did not more, thy ſweet face marre,
Then thy luſt Ilion did; in Troian warre.
Thinke not therefore it ſhame to haue a ſtaine:
But count it ſhame, to be a whore in Graine.

Epig. 14.

To his lo. ſr. M. VV. Galloway, an Iriſh Gent. a ſtudent at Grayes Inne, of his fortunate eſcape of ſhipwracke at Gorwer sland.

THe drowning waters, and the burning fire,
Are elements, ſans mercy, as we ſay;
Whoſe formers foming rage, thou did'ſt admire,
When ſhipwrack thou ſuſtaind'ſt in [a] Sillies Bay:
Yet mercifull was Neptunes God to thee,
Which Selde is cruell to Scholaritie.

[a] *pro Roſſillie.*

Epig. 15.

Blind affections picture. To Dunce the Peſaunt.

VVHat mak's thee, Dance, Dick Trūcus to cōmend?
Of no Deſerts a Boore, a Corridon;

Thou saï'st, because he is thy worships friend,
And, whome, the current of thy loue runnes on.
But wherefore do'st, Nick Laudus, so dispraise?
A Gentleman of fashion, and of sort.
Forsooth, thou saï'st, thou can'st not brooke his waie,
His comely carriage, or his seemely port.
See then affection, whether good, or ill:
Laud's, or defames according to his will.

Epig. 16.

The Epitaph of Sir William Harbert of Swansey. To his right Ho: brother, Sir Io: Herbart second Secretarie of state.

If home-bred knowledge, or yet foreigne skill,
If sundry tongues, or Phisickes Princely art,
If noble cariage, eloquence at will,
Could thee haue kept from Deaths' pale-Ebone dart,
Thou yet hadst liu'd, a glory to thy name,
The Poore-mans prop, and eke thy countries fame.

Epig. 17.

To our wise Brittish Barde, Mr W: Matthew, Esquire; for wit, and iudgement excellent.

I wote not which thy outward sense, thy eare,
Or inward els, thy braine, doth most excell;

For

For, as we ſay, the former is the chaire
Of iudgement, th'other is inventions cell.
Thy braine, doth thine owne litterature invent,
Thy eare, on others labours, doth comment.
Which moſt excell's, I cannot well impart.
But leaue it thee, the fit'ſt for Logick's Art.

Epig. 18.

To his lo: Coſin H. Price, of Neptunes Purgation.

If thou art ſicke, and wouldſt a vomit take;
If thou art well, and willing wouldſt be ſicke.
The ſea for both will thee a med'cine make,
Killing the whole, the dead reviving 'quicke.
This brackiſh purge excels farre Hellobore,
For nought, beſides perbraking, pai'ſt therefore.

Epig. 19.

The Papiſts, and Anabaptiſts Sympathized.

Through imitation, the Anabaptiſt's ſay
Their ſinnes proceede, from their fo. e athers old:
The Papiſts eke their ſinfull ſect obey:
Becauſe their Sires were hatcht in the ſame fold.

Epig. 20.

To his old friend and Schoolefellow, Mr D. Ienkins, a worthy Barriſter in the Lawes.

Our famous Ploydon we as yet Embrace,
Since thou doſt liue to plead graue Ploydons caſe

Epig. 21.

Patience is a Vertue.

To his lo: Coſin, and deere aliſmar,
Hop: Thomas.

Patience endures the Brunt of all aſſaults.
For frowning fortune can it nought diſpleaſe;
Nor, can it grieue baſe feigned friendſhips faults,
Nor yet, being wrong'd, from conſtancie will ceaſe,
Therefore, a peereleſſe vertue, patience is,
Whereto nothing, at no time, comes amiſſe.

Epig. 22.

Of the wonder, in Herefordſhire; being a Peece of ground, that mov'd of it ſelfe.

Philoſophers, for truth doe teſtifie,
Our Mother earth immovable to be;
But thy ſelfe motion ſtrange Philoſophie,

theſe

These Sages wise, proues liers, as we see.
If this thy motion had continu'd ay,
Our [a] Aristotle we might iust gainesay.

[a] *Est Aristotelis.*

Epig. 23.

To his lo: and constant friend Mr Moore.

[a] *Fortune.*

Altho [a] thy name might thee vnconstant proue;
The contrary we finde in thy firme loue.

Epig. 24.

An Adonicke.

On Mysa and Mopsa, two Honest Scoulds.

Yow both togither
Iarring asunder:
Farre should be rather
Birds of one feather.

Since your pure living,
Ioin'd in one trading:
Never omitting
Your Mates defaming.

Epig. 25.

Semel insanivimus omnes.

To his Cosin, Mr I. P.

The proverbe se's, that all the best of any
Hath once bin mad; that once is certs too many;
But, after once, we come to perfect wit,
Worth small dispraise, I deeme that frantick fit.

Epig. 26.

To the best Indenture drawer, Titubus, the night-walker of fleetstreete.

WHat mak's thee walke, so late against the law?
Kinde Mr Chach, I do Indentures Draw:
Indentures draw, in the darke, gloomy night?
Whose Manuscript requires a brighter light.
You are mistake, we seld vse light, or hand:
We write e're Best, when scarse we see, ot stand.

Epig. 27.

To the ever living, and never dying memory of the most Reverend father in God, Io: Whitgift, late Archb: of Canterburie.

RIght reverend prelate of our Church divine,
Strong, sollid piller of Gods holy Arke,
Bright Beacon, which in continence didst shine,
Sole, chiefest Scholars comfortable Marke.
Thy name, Whitgift, for nought was sure not hight:
For both in life, and lore thy Gifts were Whit.

Epig. 28.

On the most ho: and worthy lo: Lord Viscount de Lisles Posie.

Quò me fata vocant.

Thy splendent Posie, well agrees with thee,
Renowned Lord, bright Sydney's shining Lampe:
For where so e're th'art call'd by Destenie,
Thou ready art, for Court, or els for Campe.
In one, or both thy praise doth most surpasse;
Such ever, Sydneys Trophies noble, was.

Epig. 29.

To the Malevolent, and Taxing Censurer, of his Epigrammes.

If thou of glory vaine wilt me accuse,
These worthlesse lines in promulgating out;
Belieue it then, I will not, Mome, refuse
The lie to giue thee, if a Souldiour stout.
Twas friends, not fame that these made publike thē:
In Lethe's lake, els drench't had bin my pen.

Epig. 30.

To his friend the Printer of his booke.

Some volumes bring in folio to thy presse,
In quarto some, according to their lore;

'Mongst

'Mongſt all the learned, I which am the leſſe,
One in octavo bring thee, all my ſtore.
I'le it not fould in ſexto decimo,
Leaſt, as the Tome, his count, as little, grow.
Reſpect the paper, though a pen worth ſmall;
Twill fixe for one cert's yeeld thee at thy ſtall.

Epig. 31.

On the Authors vneven period of his forlorne Hope.

Thy hopeleſſe name, ſtiles thee with no good hap,
Thy Numbers odd's approues thee happy yet:
For ioy therefore thy Plaudities forth clap;
Thy one and thirty, right the Game has hit.

Diſce, ant Diſcede.

FINIS.

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